

EDITORIAL

What is editorial? It is a collection of ideas from the brain of the editor of a paper. Can anybody give a good reason why the mere origin of such ideas should make them any better in the eyes of the reader of the paper in which they appear, than if they had not originated in the brain of the man whose name appears at the head of the paper, but had originated in somebody else's brain? Yet readers always look for editorial. Good, bad or indifferent, editorial they must have—just because, perhaps, they imagine that they pay the editor to perform certain amounts and certain kinds of labor, and they want to see the evidence that he performs his part of the contract.

We have frequently been amused at the way some editors supply this demand. Sometimes an article is copied verbatim from another paper, without credit, leaded, placed in the editorial column, and then this counterfeit, fraudulently marked as genuine, is palmed off by the editor upon his readers as part of the original ideas for which they contracted, and for which they paid him. Sometimes a word or two is altered, and the editor claims the whole article for his pains.

But our neighbors of the Messenger have a cute way of supplying the demand for editorial. They take an article from another paper, and commence an original article by copying a paragraph from the bottom, altering at the same time the phraseology. They make the second paragraph, by copying from the top of the printed article. The third paragraph in manuscript is taken from the middle of the printed article; the fourth paragraph is obtained from a portion of the printed article exactly three-fourths of the way down; the fifth paragraph or division is taken from a portion of the printed article exactly one-fourth of the way from the first line. The ideas and facts then go through a further process of mixing and jumbling and alterations of phraseology, and the work is complete. The editor has passed it through his machine, and he flatters himself that the writer of the article will not know it when he sees it in this strange dress. At least this seems to be about the process that our article in Wednesday's paper, entitled "Arrest for Murder," passed through before it got into the Messenger. We would have given the credit twice over, before we would have taken all that trouble.

Death by Drowning

We are informed by Mr. F. E. Yager, of Monroe county, that Mr. Wm. Yates, living in Indian Creek Township, in Monroe county, lost his life by drowning, last Tuesday (17th). The accident occurred in Salt River, a short distance below Florida. Mr. Yates and three of his neighbors had gone into the river with a seine, and while wading through the water, all three suddenly stepped into a hole about ten feet deep. All saved themselves by swimming, except Mr. Yates, who was drowned before assistance could be rendered.

He has a brother living near St. Joseph. The St. Joseph papers will therefore please copy.

We believe the Railroad excitement has pretty much died away in this place; our citizens have commenced building again. There will be some good houses put up here this season.—[Bloomington Jour.]

We have had no doubt all along, that the sober second thought would after a while come to the citizens of Bloomington—and when they do finally see fully the extent to which they have been misled by the Republican, they will be apt to cause the editor to regret his course.

A man of wit once said rightly enough:

"He who finds a good son-in-law, gains a son; he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

the following article from the with a view of doing full justice to neighbors in Palmyra. We are willing to publish all views on all sides, except the long rignarole of the Bloomington Republican, who has mounted our report, disputed its correctness, and then run away with the bright idea, as he thinks, that Hannibal wants to quarrel with Palmyra, in order to have an excuse for straightening the railroad—a thing Hannibal cannot do if she would.

We reiterate that our report was correct, and made for information, and not to foment a quarrel.

The editor of the Bloomington Republican was not present at the meeting, and has no right to dispute the correctness of our report.

The editor of the Courier quotes a little paragraph from our paper, and calls it "scurrilous."

When we made the statement contained in that paragraph, we believed it to be true, and we believe it is true, now. But if untrue, it is not "scurrilous," for there is nothing low, or indecent, or abusive about the expression. It was intended simply to be a statement of a fact, showing the prevalence of a certain sentiment. If true it is still farther from being "scurrilous." Mr. King has now been seventeen or eighteen days engaged in obtaining stock for the "Philadelphia, Palmyra and Scipio Plank Road." We respectfully call upon him to settle the Scipio question, by publishing the results of his labors.

From the Hannibal Courier.

THE FEELING IN PALMYRA

An article was prepared for last week's paper, touching the illiberal comments of the Journal upon the spirit manifested at the Plankroad meeting recently held in Palmyra, which was not published for want of space. Had the matter not been broached by another, and the same illiberal spirit been manifested by the Journal in defending the report it first made of the meeting, we should not again have taken up the subject. The Journal asserts there was nothing "scurrilous" in its report; but we beg leave to differ. What interpretation does it put upon the following statement? which we find in its article of the 2d of May, viz:

"There are not half a dozen men in Palmyra who will go for a plank road to Scipio, because Hannibal might connect with it at that point."

This is an unqualified statement, and therefore is a perversion of public sentiment in Palmyra. The hostility of the Palmyreans is confined to a few selfish capitalists, who will not subscribe a single dollar to plankroad enterprises, let them be as beneficial as they may. Again, a disposition is prevalent in Palmyra to concentrate its capital and energies upon one project first—that of a road to Philadelphia—and then, when that enterprise is under fair headway, to extend its operations in whatever direction may be most advantageous to them. At present, roads north and west hold out greater inducements to Palmyra, than one to this city; but, at no distant day, a road to Scipio will find many ardent friends at our county seat.

Another feature of injustice is visible in the article under consideration. The remarks of Col. Davis are distorted, and that gentleman ridiculed in an illtimed manner. We are far from desiring to introduce political prejudice into affairs of a local nature; but the spleen evinced in the tenor of the Journal's would-be pleasantries, justify the presumption that they were alloyed with party preferences. In fact, the tone of the Journal's article gives evidence of local and political bias, which should not be tolerated when questions of such vital importance are before the public. The Journal is too much inclined to hold up Hannibal as a Kingdom, to which the neighboring towns and counties owe allegiance. We regret to see this, for it places the sentiments of our citizens in a false light, and does not do justice to their liberality and enterprise.

The Ass editor of the Republican brayed exceedingly loud in his last paper, over the word "gaiters," which he found in the Journal; the word should have been "gaiters." We call the attention of the Long Eared Beast, to the date of his last paper, "May 47." We will mark the remainder of the errors and send them round by one of his Mules.

The Chronicle man had better run him through his "Improved Patent Rotary Double acting Fool killer" again, we don't think the first time done any good.—[Bloomington Journal.]

We wonder the Bolderdash in the Canton Reporter don't disgust its readers. The editor always writes like a loafer standing on the corner of a street, recklessly swearing at passers by. He never pretends to argue any question decently.

The following extract from an article in the Bloomington Republican, berating the Bloomington Journal, shows that the latter paper is beginning to show symptoms of a manly independence, of which the "circus-man" who presides over the Republican is incapable. The latter knows he is doing wrong, but he has not the moral courage to do right—the old black-guard:

The Journal reprints some of the vile and fiend-like stuff of the Hannibal Journal, as follows:

"Poor Abner! We do pity him, and declare he is innocent; for if he has done wrong we ought to overlook his faults, for the poor devil didn't know any better!"

Again, the Journal says:

"Our friend Abner is so tormented of late by the Chronicle, Times, and Hannibal Journal, that it has awfully soured his looks; he looks more like a traveling Croud-Tub than anything else; do have some feeling, it does appear that the hot displeasure of all hands have been let loose without any mixture of mercy. Remember the afflictions of Job."

The uncourteous, undignified course which the editor of the Chronicle and Hannibal Journal have pursued, of using the individual name of editors is adopted by the Bloomington Journal. "Our friend Abner," "Poor innocent Abner." We could say Tom Howe, or Tom, or Tommy our neighbor, &c. We could apply all kinds of nick names to him personally, we could call him the Skunk with a burr under his tail—the Rotten Apple Editor—the Sap Headed Booby—the Greasy Fungus editor—the Jackal editor, and many more; but this would be a degradation to which we cannot stoop, unless driven to it in self-defence. We shall defend any way, when necessary, even to the kicking over of Skunks. Our foreman superintends all selected matter, such were the paragraphs on which the Journal first made its attack; the foreman replied, as it was striking at his work. We have had nothing to do with it until now, nor did we know anything about it until the paper came out.

What do you mean by "barged?" no such word exists; why commit such a silly blunder while trying to perpetrate the vulgarism upon us?

But the Journal has had hard work indeed to come up to the scratch in the Railroad controversy. It will desert to the enemy whenever it thinks it can safely do so—mark that. Why does this paper relish the stale stuff of other papers? The editors of the Hannibal Journal, and Chronicle, are mad; they tried to defend a nefarious and venal fraud, had nothing to do it with, got themselves whipped; and now, all they do is to sit upon their shanks and snarl and snap like curs. The Journal must help them; it says "the hot displeasure of all hands." So then it appears the Journal has turned traitor and joined the Black Fort, its aiders and abettors. Well, go, vile serpent, you've been warmed into life by the people whom you will betray; but they will know how to treat you hereafter.

In course of preparation, and will be published for the especial benefit of our pet Box-ankle Donkey, the next time he becomes a candidate for public office, a new and highly entertaining work, entitled

A CURTAIN LECTURE;

on,

The Art and Mystery of Saving a Penny at a Monkey Show.

To which will be added the mirth-creating Farce of

ALLITERATION;

on,

A Candidate Crawling under the Curtain.

We expect to obtain the materials, out of which to construct this unique and entertaining work, from the Hon. James S. Green, of Lewis, Thomas Samuel, Esq., of Huntville, and two or three intelligent gentlemen of Randolph.—[Chillicothe Chronicle.]

It will be seen that we have hoisted the name of C. F. Jackson, of Howard county, as the Democratic candidate for Congress in this (third) District. He received the nomination of the District Convention, the proceedings of which will appear in our next paper.

Mr. Jackson made quite a happy and impressive speech to a crowded house, by request, soon after his nomination.—[Bloomington Republican.]

The trial of Carter, the man who killed Circles and McDowell, in Scotland county, commences on next Monday, in Knox county. Carter having taken a change of venue from Scotland to Knox.—[Canton Reporter.]

INDIGNATION MEETING!

THE MAYOR VS. THE PEOPLE.

SNEILBAKER REQUESTED TO REMON!

(Continued.)

Rev. Mr. Prealty, pastor of the Associate Reformed church, on Sixth street, (Presbyterian) was loudly called for and vociferously applauded on taking the stand. He commenced by remarking that he was placed in peculiar circumstances; he had not expected to be called on, otherwise he should probably have remained at home. But being called out he felt that he would be recreant to his duty as a minister of the gospel and an American citizen if he held his tongue. The right which has been denied a free citizen is a sacred principle of nature, and was established in this country by our fathers. You might as well emigrate to Austria as be subservient to this newly-exercised power.—The excitement that he witnessed he considered had its origin in the recent city election, and had been fanned into a flame by circumstances since transpiring. Many of his audience, he thought, had not duly estimated the vast interests involved in that election, or its result would have been widely different. He was sure that the people had they known Mr. Sneibaker as the man he had just proven himself to be, would have repudiated him as a vile thing, civilly, socially and politically. The question comes up—shall we speak our sentiments on all proper occasions, regardless of politico-religious assumptions of power, or shall we have them rammed down our throats? He did not know anything about Mr. Kirkland, and it was not important to know who or what Mr. K. was, or where he came from; it was sufficient to know that the liberties of the people had been stabbed through him. This is a Uvas tree; if you do not cut it down now, it will spread far and wide, and take deep hold.—Will you eradicate it?—(a voice—"yes, we will tear it up by the roots.") That is the way to do it, said the Rev. gentleman, but not by physical force.

The clergy of the land ask a fair field and no favor. Challenges were standing in various journals of the land, but they were not accepted. Dr. Rice's proposition of a few weeks since will not be accepted. Bishop Purcell took one erroneous step in this matter, some years since, and he will never take another.—The question is not one of religion simply, but of civil rights, which as Americans we are bound to maintain, not in physical force, I pray you, but in peace. We have the right to speak, and he who interferes is the riotous man, the man who must be suppressed, and upon whom must rest all the responsibility of resulting consequences.

Sunday before last our Mayor looked upon Mr. Kirkland as a pigmy, but in one short week he has grown to be a perfect giant! Wonderful man! Wonderful Mr. Sneibaker! So he sent him a polite note (to its King's English he would not refer—laughter), telling him he must not speak, and the consequences you all know.

Mr. Sneibaker had a great regard for the Sabbath, but the noise of half a dozen bands of music, and five thousand Catholics marching in the street on that day was not sacrilegious in his official eyes. Nay, but those five thousand stalwart men were protected in their doings by the whole police force of the city. It amounted to this: Provided you are headed by a Catholic Bishop you have a right to march where you please on Sunday, or any other day; but don't go to declaiming against Catholics in the market spaces, or you will be pulled down by the authorities!

The speaker said that he was informed Mr. Kirkland is determined to speak again on next Sunday, and thousands say he shall speak, and if the Mayor with his police force attempts to put him down—what then? (Shouts of kill him off! Kill the scoundrels!) No, brothers, friends, fellow citizens, I protest, against that. Don't kill them; there is a better way than that—it is to impeach the Mayor. Stand by the laws of your country, and make him yield to them. There is a law to reach the Senators of the United States, or the President, and impeach them; and it is a pretty thing if there is no law to reach so contemptible a thing as the Mayor of Cincinnati.

We have here a pretty state of things, and how did it all originate? By an unjust claim of the Roman hierarchy. They ask their share of the school fund. They have made objections to our schools merely as an excuse. They asked the introduction of the Douay Bible, and when it was granted they were disappointed. They wanted to be persecuted, and get a grab at the public treasury. They do not want only the taxes they pay, but their ratio in regard to number of children. How is it with the poor